the history, of lust and foule thoughts: they met so neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when these mutualities so marshall the way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the master and the maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by me, I haue brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for com nand Ile lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe you finde some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please; which the time shall more fauorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddaine in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cause these of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again't, but by the displanting of *Cassio*: So shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I shall then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, most profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I must fetch his necessaries a shore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleeue it;
That she loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Desdemona*,
A most deere husband; now I doe loue her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (tho peraduenture,
I stand accomptant for as great a sin,)
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my seat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am euen'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a iealousie so strong,

That

That iudgement can not cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I trace,
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Cassio*, with my night cap too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madnesse: —tis heere, but yet confus'd;
Knaueries plaine face is neuer seene, till vs'd.

Exit

Enter Othello's *Herauld, reading a Proclamation.*

It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant Generall, certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere perdi *Turkish* Fleete; that euery man put himselfe into triumph dance, some make bonefires; each man to what sport and addiction leades him; for besides these beneficiall newes, it lebration of his Nuptialls: So much was his pleasure shot claimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, fi on sent houre of fiue, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen ble of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, *and* Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael* looke you to the guard to night,
Lets teach our selues that honourable stoppe,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to doe:
But notwithstanding, with my personall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest:
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit* Othello *and* D